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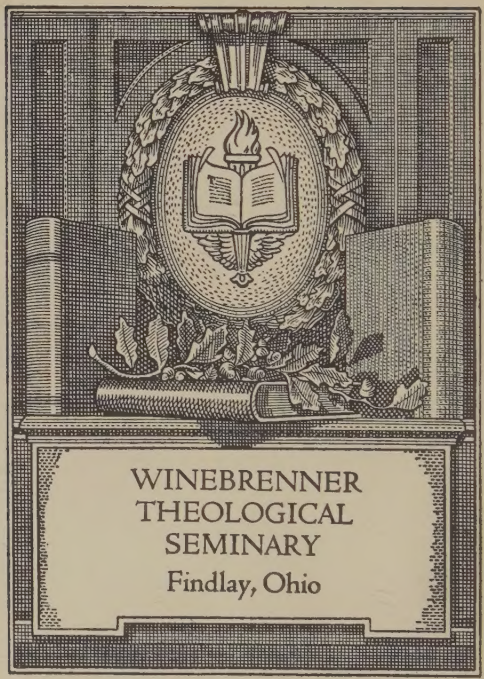
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Facsimile copy of

JOHN WESLEY'S FIRST HYMN BOOK

a

collection

of

PSALMS

and

HYMNS

When John Wesley arrived in Charles-town at 6:30 on the morning of Thursday, April 14, 1737, one of the first matters he attended to was the printing of this collection of English psalms, hymns and German hymns in translation for use in Anglican worship. By Monday evening April 18, Wesley read the proof sheets, and began using the collection in the summer of 1737, in Savannah, Georgia.

250th Year Edition

The United Methodist
Publishing House
Nashville, Tennessee
1988

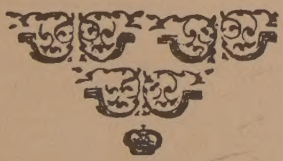
COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS

AND

HYMNS.



CHARLES-TOWN,
Printed by Lewis Timothy. 1737.

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NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PSALMS and HYMNS
For Sunday.

I.

Pſalm XXXIII.

1 YE holy Souls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's Praiſe becomes your Voice:
Great is your Theme, your Songs be new
Sing of his Name, his Word, his Ways,
His Works of Nature and of Grace,
How wiſe and holy, juſt and true!

2 Juſtice and Truth he ever loves,
And the whole Earth his Goodneſs proves;
His Word the heavenly Arches ſpread:
How wide they ſhine from North to South!
And by the Spirit of his Mouth
Were all the Starry Armies made.

3 Thou gathereſt the wide-flowing Seas;
Thoſe watry Treaſures know their Place
In the vaſt Store-houſe of the Deep:
He ſpake, and gave all Nature Birth;
And Fires and Seas and Heaven and Earth
His everlaſting Orders keep.

4 Let Mortals tremble and adore
A GOD of ſuch reſiſtleſs Power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble Rage:
Vain are your Thoughts and weak your Hands,
But his eternal Counſel ſtands,
And rules the World from Age to Age.

II.

Pſalm XLVI.

1 ON God ſupreme our Hope depends,
Whoſe omnipreſent Sight
Even to the pathleſs Realms extends
Of uncreated Night.

2 Plung'd in the Abyſs of deep Diſtreſs
To him we rais'd our Cry:
His Mercy bad our Sorrows ceaſe
And fill'd our Tongue with Joy.

3 Tho' Earth her ancient Seat forſake,
By Pangs convulſive torn,
Tho' her ſelf-ballanc'd Fabrick ſhake
And ruin'd Nature mourn:

4 Tho' Hills be in the Ocean loſt
With all their trembling Load,
No Fear ſhall e'er diſturb the Juſt,
Or ſhake his Truſt in God.

5 Nations remote and Realms unknown
In vain reſiſt his Sway;
For lo! Jehovah's Voice is ſhewn
And Earth ſhall melt away.

6 Let War's devouring Surges riſe
And ſwell on every ſide:
The Lord of Hoſts our Safeguard is,
And Jacob's God our Guide.

III.

Pſalm XLVII.

1 O For a Shout of ſacred Joy
To God the ſovereign King!

Let

Let every Land their Tongues employ,
And Hymns of Triumph ſing.

2 *Jeſus* our God aſcends on high;
His heavenly Guards around
Attend him riſing through the Sky,
With Trumpet's joyful Sound.

3 While Angels ſhout and praiſe their King,
Let Mortals learn their Strains:
Let all the Earth his Honours ſing;
O'er all the Earth he reigns.

4 Rehearſe his Praiſe with Awe profound,
Let Knowledge guide the Song.
Nor mock him with a ſolemn Sound
Upon a thoughtleſs Tongue.

5 In *Iſrael* ſtood his ancient Throne,
He lov'd that choſen Race;
But now he calls the World his own.
And *Heathens* taſte his Grace.

6 Remoteſt Nations are the Lord's;
There *Abraham*'s God is known:
While Powers and Princes, Shields and Swords
Bow down before his Throne.

IV.

Pſalm C.

1 BEfore *Jehovah*'s awful Throne,
Ye Nations, bow with ſacred joy.
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he deſtroy.

2 His ſovereign Power without our aid
Made us of clay and form'd us Men;
And when like wandring Sheep we ſtray'd
He brought us to his Fold again.

3 We'll

3 We'll crowd thy Gates with thankful Songs,
High as the Heavens our Voices raiſe;
And Earth with her Ten Thouſand Tongues
Shall fill thy Courts with ſounding Praiſe.

4 Wide as the World is thy Command.
Vaſt as Eternity thy Love:
Firm as a Rock thy Truth muſt ſtand
When rolling Years ſhall ceaſe to move.

V.

Pſalm CXIII.

1 YE Prieſts of God, whoſe happy Days
Are ſpent in your Creator's Praiſe,
Still more and more his Fame expreſs!
Ye pious Worſhippers proclaim
With ſhouts of Joy his holy Name;
Nor ſatisfied with praiſing, bleſs.

2 Let God's high Praiſes ſtill reſound,
Beyond old Times too ſcanty bound
And thro' eternal Ages pierce,
From where the Sun firſt gilds the Streams
To where he ſets with purpled Beams,
Thro' all the wide ſtretch'd Univerſe.

3 The various Tribes of Earth obey
Thy awful and imperial Sway;
Nor Earth thy ſovereign Power confines;
Above the Sun's all-chearing Light
Above the Stars and far more bright
Thy pure eſſential Glory ſhines.

4 What mortal form'd of fading clay,
What Native of eternal Day
Can with the God of Heaven compare?
Yet Angels round thy glorious Throne

Thou

Thou ſtoop'ſt to view : nor they alone ;
Even Earth born Men thy Goodneſs ſhare.

5 The Poor thou liftſt from the Duſt ;
The Sinner, if in thee he truſt,
From depths of guilt and ſhame thou'lt raiſe,
That he in Peace and Safety plac'd
With Power and Love and Wiſdom grac'd
May ſing aloud his Saviour's Praiſe.

6 To Father, Son and Holy-Ghoſt
The God whom Heaven's triumphant Hoſt
And ſuffering Saints on Earth adore,
Be Glory as in Ages paſt,
As now it is and ſo ſhall laſt
When Earth and Heaven ſhall be no more!

VI.

Part of Pſalm CXV.

1 NOt unto us : We all diſclaim :
Glory alone to God's great Name
Whoſe Truth ſhall ſtand for ever faſt,
Whoſe Love to endleſs Ages laſt.

2 Thou reigneſt, Lord, enthroned above !
Yet doſt thy humble Sons approve :
Thou all Events diſpoſeſt ſtill ;
For all obey thy ſovereign Will.

3 The ſilent Dead no Praiſes give :
But we who by thy Mercy live,
While we have Breath will Offerings bring,
And grateful *Hallelujahs* ſing.

4 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praiſe and Glory given,
By all on Earth and all in Heaven.

VII.

VII.

Pſalm CXVI.

1 O Thou, who when I did complain,
Didſt all my Griefs remove,
O Saviour, do not now diſdain
My humble Praiſe and Love.

2 Since thou a pitying Ear didſt give
And hear me when I pray'd,
I'll call upon thee while I live,
And never doubt thy aid.

3 Pale Death with all his ghaſtly Train
My Soul encompaſt round,
Anguiſh and Sin, and Dread and Pain
On every ſide I found.

4 To thee, O Lord of Life, I pray'd
And did for Succour flee:
O ſave (in my Diſtreſs I ſaid)
The Soul that truſts in thee!

5 How good thou art! How large thy Grace!
How eaſy to forgive!
The helpleſs thou delight'ſt to raiſe:
And by thy Love I live.

6 Then, O my Soul, be never more
With anxious Thoughts diſtreſt,
God's bounteous Love doth thee reſtore
To Eaſe and Joy and Reſt.

7 My Eyes no longer drown'd in Tears
My Feet from falling free,
Redeem'd from Death and guilty Fears
O Lord, I'll live to thee!

VIII.

Pſalm CXVII.

1 YE Nations, who the Globe divide,
Ye numerous Nations ſcatter'd wide,
To God your grateful Voices raiſe:
To all his boundleſs Mercies ſhewn,
His Truth to endleſs Ages known
Require our endleſs Love and Praiſe.

2 To him who reigns inthron'd on high,
To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,
Our Guilt and Errors to remove;
To that bleſt Spirit who Grace imparts,
Who rules in all believing Hearts,
Be ceaſeleſs Glory, Praiſe and Love!

IX.

Pſalm CXLVI.

1 I'Ll praiſe my Maker while I've Breath
And when my Voice is loſt in Death
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler Powers.
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt
While Life and Thought and Being laſt,
Or Immortality endures.

2 Happy the Man whoſe hopes rely
On *Iſrael*'s God: He made the Sky
And Earth and Seas with all their Train:
His Truth for ever ſtands ſecure;
He ſaves th' Oppreſt; he feeds the Poor,
And none ſhall find his Promiſe vain.
3 The Lord pours Eye-ſight on the Blind,
The Lord ſupports the fainting Mind,
He ſends the labouring Conſcience Peace,

He helps the Stranger in diſtreſs,
The Widow and the Fatherleſs,
And grants the Priſoner ſweet Releaſe.

4 I'll praiſe him while he lend's me Breath,
And when my Voice is loſt in Death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler Powers:
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life and Thought and Being laſt.
Or Immortality endures.

X.

Pſalm CXLVII.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord: 'Tis good to raiſe
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praiſe,
His Nature and his Works invite
To make this Duty our Delight.

2 He form'd the Stars, thoſe heavenly Flames
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names
His Wiſdom 's vaſt and knows no Bound,
A deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

3 Great is the Lord and great his Might
And all his Glory's infinite
He crowns the Meek, rewards the Juſt,
And treads the Wicked to the Duſt.

4 Sing to the Lord exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his Clouds around the Sky,
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops deſcend in vain.

5 He makes the Graſs the Hills adorn
And cloathes the ſmiling Fields with Corn.
The Beaſts with Food his Hands ſupply
And the young Ravens when they cry.

6 What

6 What is the Creature's Skill or Force?
The ſpritely Man or warlike Horſe?
The piercing Wit, the active Limb?
All are too mean Delights for him.

7 But Saints are lovely in his Sight
He views his Children with Delight:
He ſees their Hope, he knows their Fear,
And looks and loves his Image there.

8 Praiſe God from whom all Bleſſings flow.
Praiſe him all Creatures here below:
Praiſe him above, ye heavenly Hoſt
Praiſe Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,

XI.

Hymn to God the Father.

1 HAil, Father, whoſe creating Call
Unnumber'd Worlds attend,
Jehovah, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend!

2 In Light unſearchable inthron'd
Which Angels dimly ſee;
The Fountain of the God-head own'd
And foremoſt of the Three.

3 From thee thro' an eternal Now,
The Son, thine Offspring, flow'd;
An everlaſting Father thou,
As everlaſting God.

4 Nor quite diſplay'd to Worlds above,
Nor quite on Earth conceal'd:
By wondrous, unexhauſted Love
To mortal Man reveal'd:

5 Supreme and all ſufficient God,
When Nature ſhall expire
And Worlds created by thy Nod
Shall periſh by thy Fire.

6 Thy Name *Jehovah* be ador'd
By Creatures without End,
Whom none but thy eſſential Word
And Spirit comprehend.

XII.

Hymn to God the Son.

1 HAil, God the Son, in Glory crown'd
E'er Time began to be,
Thron'd with thy Sire thro' half the Round
Of wide Eternity!

2 Let Heaven and Earth's ſtupendous Frame
Diſplay their Author's Power,
And each exalted Seraph Flame,
Creator, thee adore!

3 Thy wondrous Love the God-head ſhew'd
Contracted to a Span,
The Co-eternal Son of God,
The mortal Son of Man.

4 To ſave Mankind from loſt Eſtate,
Behold his Life-Blood Stream!
Hail, Lord Almighty to create!
Almighty to redeem!

5 The Mediator's Godlike ſway,
His Church beneath ſuſtains:
Till Nature ſhall her Judge ſurvey
The King *Meſſiah* reigns.

6 Hail

6 Hail with eſſential Glory crown'd
When time ſhall ceaſe to be,
Thron'd with the Father thro' the Round
Of whole Eternity!

XIII.

Hymn to God the Holy-Ghoſt.

1 HAil, Holy-Ghoſt, *Jehovah*, Third
In order of the Three;
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all Eternity.

2 Thy Spirit brooding o'er th' Abyſs
Of firmleſs Waters lay,
Spoke into Order all that is,
And Darkneſs into Day.

3 In deepeſt Hell or Heavens height
Thy Preſence who can fly?
Known is the Father to thy Sight,
Th' Abyſs of Deity.

4 Thy Power thro' *Jeſus*'s Life diſplay'd
Quite from the Virgin's Womb,
Dying his Soul an offering made,
And rais'd him from the Tomb.

5 God's Image which our Sins deſtroy
Thy Grace reſtores below.
And Truth and Holineſs and Joy
From thee, their Fountain, flow.

6 Hail, Holy Ghoſt, *Jehovah*, third
In order of the three,
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all Eternity.

XIV.

Hymn to the Trinity.

1 HAil, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
Be endleſs Praiſe to thee!
Supreme, eſſential One, ador'd
In Co-eternal Three.

2 Inthron'd in everlaſting State
E'er Time its Round began,
Who join'd in Council to create
The Dignity of Man.

3 To whom *Iſaiah*'s Viſion ſhew'd
The Seraphs veil their Wings,
While thee, *Jehovah*, Lord and God
Th' angelick Army ſings.

4 To thee by Myſtick Powers on high
Were humble Praiſes given,
When *John* beheld with favour'd Eye
Th' Inhabitants of Heaven.

5 All that the Name of Creature owns
To thee in Hymns aſpire:
May we as Angels on our Thrones
For ever join the Choir!

6 Hail, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
Be endleſs Praiſe to thee;
Supreme, eſſential One, ador'd
In Co-eternal Three;

XV.

God's Eternity.

1 RIſe, o my Soul and leave the Ground,
Stretch all thy Thoughts abroad,
And

And rouſe up every tuneful Sound
To praiſe th' eternal God.

2 Long e'er the lofty Skies were ſpread
Jehovah fill'd his Throne;
E'er *Adam* form'd or Angels made
The Maker liv'd alone.

3 Thy boundleſs Years can ne'er decreaſe,
But ſtill maintain their Prime,
Eternity's thy dwelling place,
And *Ever* is thy time.

4 While like a Tide our Minutes flow,
The preſent and the paſt,
He fills his own immortal Now
And ſees our Ages waſt.

5 The Sea and Sky muſt periſh too
And vaſt deſtruction come;
The Creatures, look how old they grow!
And wait their fiery doom.

6 Well, let the Sea waſt all away,
And Flame melt down the Skies,
My God ſhall live an endleſs Day,
When th' old Creation dies.

XVI.

From the German.

1 O God, thou bottomleſs Abyſs,
Thee to perfection who can know?
O Height immenſe! What Words ſuffice
Thy countleſs Attributes to ſhew!
Unfathomable Depths thou art!
I plunge me in thy Mercies Sea;
Void of true Wiſdom is my Heart:

With

With love embrace and cover me.
While thee, All-infinite, I ſet
Before my raviſh'd Eye,
My Weakneſs bends beneath the Weight:
I ſink, I faint, I die!

2 Eternity thy Fountain was,
Which like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou waſt e'er Time began his Race,
E'er glow'd with Star's th' eternal Blew.
Greatneſs unſpeakable is thine
Greatneſs whoſe undiminiſh'd Ray
When ſhort-liv'd Worlds are loſt, ſhall ſhine,
When Earth and Heaven are fled away.
Unchangeable, all perfect Lord,
Of Life the boundleſs Sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy Word
What is, is all from thee!

3 Thy Parent Hand, thy forming Skill
Firm fixt this univerſal Chain:
Elſe empty, barren darkneſs ſtill
Had held his unmoleſted Reign.
Whate'er in Earth, or Sea, or Sky
Or ſhuns or meets the wandring Thought
Eſcapes or ſtrikes the ſearching Eye,
By thee was to perfection brought.
High is thy Power above all Height:
Whate'er thou wil'ſt is done:
Thy Wiſdom equal to thy Might
Only to thee is known.

4 Heaven's Glory is thy awful Throne,
Yet Earth partakes thy gracious Sway;
Vain Man! Thy Wiſdom, Folly own:
Loſt is thy Reaſon's feeble Ray.
What his dim Eye cou'd never ſee
Is plain and naked to thy Sight;

What

What thickeſt Darkneſs veil's, to thee
Shines clearly as the Morning Light.
In Light thou dwell'ſt: Light that no ſhade
No changes ever knew:
And Heaven above and Hell beneath
Are open to thy View.

5 Thou, true and only God, lead'ſt forth
Th' immortal Armies of the Sky:
Thou laugh'ſt to ſcorn the Gods of Earth;
Thou thunder'ſt, and amaz'd they fly.
With down caſt Eye th' angelic Choir
Appear before thy awful Face,
Trembling they ſtrike the golden Lyre
And thro' Heav'ns Vault reſound thy Praiſe.
In Earth, Air, Skies, in all thou art:
Creation feels thy Nod,
Whoſe Hand impreſt on every Part
The Image of its God.

6 Thine, Lord, is Wiſdom, thine alone;
Juſtice and Truth before thee ſtand:
Yet nearer to thy ſacred Throne
Mercy withholds thy lifted Hand.
Each Evening ſhews thy tender Love,
Each riſing Morn thy plenteous Grace;
Thy waken'd Wrath doth ſlowly move,
Thy willing Mercy flies a Pace.
Father, to thy indulgent Care
This Light, this Breath we owe:
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Fountain, flow.

7 Parent of Good, thy bounteous Hand
Inceſſant Bleſſings down diſtills,
And all in Air or Sea, or Land
With plenteous Food and Gladneſs fills.

All things in thee, live, move and are,
Thy Power infus'd does all sustain;
Even those thy daily Favours share
Who thankless spurn thy easy Reign.
Thy Sun thou bid'st his genial Ray
On all impartial pour;
To all who hate or bless thy Sway
Thou send'st the fruitful Show'r.

8 Yet while at length, who scorn'd thy Might
Shall feel thee a consuming Fire,
How sweet the Joys, the Crown how bright
Of those who to thy Love aspire!
All Creatures praise th' eternal Name!
Ye Hosts that to his Courts belong,
Cherubick Quires, seraphick Flames,
Awake the everlasting Song.
Thrice Holy, thine the Kingdom is,
Th' almighty Power is thine,
And when created Nature dies
Thy ceaseless Glories shine;

XVII.

Hymn to Christ.

1 *JESU*, behold the Wise from far,
Led to thy Cradle by a Star
Bring Gifts to thee, their God and King;
O guide us by thy Light, that we
The Way may find, and so to thee
Our Hearts, our all for Tribute bring.

2 *Jesu*, the pure, the spotless Lamb,
Who to the Temple humbly came,
To pay the legal Rights to pay,
O make our proud, our stubborn Will

All

All thy Wife, gracious Laws fulfill,
What e'er rebellious Nature fay.

4 *Jefu*, who on the fatal Wood
Pour'dft forth thy Lifes laft drop of Blood
Nail'd to th' accurfed fhameful Cross;
O may we blefs thy Love, and be
Ready, dear Lord, to bear for thee
All Shame, all Grief, all Pain, all Loss!

4 *Jefu*, who by thine own Love ftrin,
By thine own Power took'ft Life again
And Conqueror from the Grave did'ft rife,
O may thy Death our Hearts revive,
And at our Death a new Life give,
A glorious Life that never dies.

5 *Jefu*, who to thy Heaven again
Return'dft in triumph, there to reign
Of Men and Angels fovereign King,
O may our parting Souls take flight
Up to that Land of Joy and Light
And there for ever grateful fing.

6 All Glory to the facred Three,
One undivided Deity,
All Honour, Power and Love and Praife;
Still may thy bleft'd Name fhine bright
In beams of uncreated Light
Crown'd with its own eternal Rays.

XVIII.

Adoption.

1 BEhold what wondrous Grace
The Father hath beftow'd
On Sinners of a mortal Race,
To call them Sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we ſhall be made
But when we ſee our Saviour here
We ſhall be like our Head

3 Lord, arm us with this Hope
All Trials to endure:
O purge our Souls from Senſe and Sin,
As thou our God art pure.

4 If in my Father's Love
I ſhare filial Part,
Show'r down thy Influence, holy Dove,
And reſt upon my Heart.

5 We wou'd no longer lie
Like Slaves beneath thy Throne:
O let us *Abba*, Father, cry
And thou the Kindred own!

XIX.

The Chriſtian Race.

1 AWake our Souls (away our Fears,
Let every trembling Thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heavenly Race
And put a chearful Courage on.

2 True, 'tis a ſtreight and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint:
But we forget the mighty God,
That feeds the Strenght of every Saint.

3 O mighty God thy matchleſs Power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endleſs Years
Their everlaſting Circles run.

4 From thee the overflowing Spring

Our

Our Souls ſhall drink a freſh Supply;
While ſuch as truſt their native Strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

5 Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air
We'll mount aloft to thine Abode;
On Wings of Love our Souls ſhall fly
Nor tire amid'ſt the heavenly Road!

XX.

Praiſe.

1 O King of Glory, King of Peace,
Thee only will I love;
Thee that my Love may never ceaſe
Inceſſant will I move.

2 For thou haſt granted my Requeſt,
For thou my Cries haſt heard;
Mark'd all the Workings of my Breaſt,
And haſt in Mercy ſpar'd.

3 Therefore with all my Strength and Art
Thy Mercy will I ſing:
To thee the Tribute of my Heart
My Soul, my all I bring.

4 What tho' my Sins againſt me cried
Thou did'ſt the Sinner ſpare:
In vain th' Accuſer loud replied;
For Love had charm'd thy Ear.

5 The ſeven whole Days, not one in ſeven,
Unwearied will I praiſe,
And in my Heart as in thy Heaven
Thy Throne triumphant raiſe.

6 Soften'd and vanquiſh'd by my Tears
Thou coud'ſt no more withſtand,

But

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But when ſtern Juſtice call'd for Feats
Diſarm'd her lifted Hand:

7 Small is it in this humble ſort
Thy Mercy's Fame to raiſe;
For even Eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy Praiſe!

XXI.

Chriſt's Humiliation and Exaltation.

1 WHat equal Honours ſhall we bring
To thee o Lord, our God the Lamb?
Since all the Notes that Angels ſing
Are far inferior to thy Name.

2 Worthy is he that once was ſlain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died,
Worthy to riſe and live and reign
At his Almighty Father's Side.

3 Power and Dominion are his due
Who ſtood condemn'd at *Pilate*'s Bar:
Wiſdom belongs to *Jeſus* too,
Tho' he was charg'd with Madneſs here.

4 Honour immortal muſt be paid
Inſtead of Scandal and of Scorn.
While Glory ſhines around this Head,
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

5 Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curſe for wretched Men!
Let Angels ſound his ſacred Name,
And every Creature ſay, *Amen.*

XXII.

Hymn to the Holy-Ghoſt.

1 COme holy Spirit, ſend down thoſe Beams
Which gently flow in ſilent Streams
From

From thy eternal Throne above:
Come thou enricher of the Poor,
Thou bounteous source of all our Store,
Fill us with Faith and Hope and Love.

2 Come thou, our Soul's delightful Guest,
The wearied Pilgrim's sweetest rest,
The fainting Sufferer's best relief:
Come thou, our Passions cool allay:
Thy Comfort wipes all Tears away,
And turns to Peace all Joy and Grief.

3 Lord, wash our sinful Stains away,
Water from Heaven our barren Clay,
Our Sickness cure, our Bruises heal:
To thy sweet Yoke our stiff Necks bow,
Warm with thy Fire our Hearts of Snow,
And there enthron'd for ever dwell.

4 All Glory to the sacred Three
One everlasting Deity,
All Love and Power and Might and Praise;
As at the first, e'er time begun,
May the same Homage still be done
When Earth and Heaven itself decays.

XXIII.

The Offices of Christ.

1 WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with Truth and Grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy Word
Shall lead us in thy Ways.

2 We rev'rence our high Priest above;
Who offer'd up his Blood:
Live, Lord, and carry on thy Love
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King;
How ſweet are thy Commands!
O Guard our Souls from Hell and Sin
In thy Almighty Hands.

4 *Hoſannah* to thy glorious Name
Who ſav'ſt by different Ways!
Thy Mercies lay a ſovereign Claim
To our immortal Praiſe.

XXIV.
Hymn for Sunday.

1 BEhold we come, dear Lord, to thee
And bow before thy Throne,
We come to offer all our Vows,
Our Souls to thee alone.

2 What e'er we have, what e'er we are,
Thy Bounty freely gave:
Thou doſt us here in Mercy ſpare,
And wilt hereafter ſave.

3 But o! can all our Store afford
No better Gifts for thee?
Thus we confeſs thy Riches, Lord,
And thus our Poverty.

4 'Tis not our Tongues or Knees can pay
The mighty Debt we owe:
Far more we ſhou'd, than we can ſay,
Far lower ſhou'd we bow.

5 Come then my Soul, bring all thy Powers
And grieve thou haſt no more,
Bring every Day thy choiceſt Hours
And thy great God adore.

6 But above all prepare thy Heart
On this his own bleſt Day,

In

In it's sweet Task to bear a part,
And sing and love and pray!

XXV.

Triumph over Death.

1 AND must this Body die?
This well wrought Frame decay?
And must these active Limbs of mine
Lie mouldring in the Clay?

2 Corruption, Earth and Worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant Spirit comes
To put it on a-fresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives
And often from the Skies
Looks down and watches all my Dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious Grace
Shall these vile Bodies shine,
And every Shape and every Face
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively Hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying Love:
O may we bless thy Grace below,
And sing thy Power above.

6 Saviour accept the Praise
Of these our humble Songs,
Till Tunes of nobler Sound we raise
With our immortal Tongues.

XVI.

From the German.

1 *JESU*, to thee my Heart I bow,
Strange Flames far from my Soul remove:
Faireſt among Ten Thouſand thou,
Be thou my Lord, my Life, my Love.

2 All Heav'n thou fill'ſt with pure deſire;
O ſhine upon my frozen Breaſt;
With ſacred Warmth my Heart inſpire,
May I too thy hid Sweetneſs taſt.

3 I ſee thy Garments roll'd in Blood,
Thy ſtreaming Head, thy Hands, thy Side:
All hail, thou ſuffering, conquering God,
Now Man ſhall live; for God hath died.

4 O kill in me this rebel Sin,
And triumph o'er my willing Breaſt:
Reſtore thy Image Lord, therein,
And lead me to my Father's Reſt.

5 Ye earthly Loves be far away!
Saviour, be thou my Love alone;
Ne'er more may mine uſurp the Sway,
But in me thy great Will be done!

6 Yea, thou, true Witneſs, ſpotleſs Lamb,
All Things for thee I count but Loſs;
My ſole deſire, my conſtant Aim,
My only Glory be thy Croſs!

XXVII.

Thanksgiving for God's particular Providence.

1 WHen all thy Mercies, o my God,
My riſing Soul ſurveys,

Why

Why my cold Heart, art thou not loſt
In Wonder, Love and Praiſe?

2 Thy Providence my Life ſuſtain'd
And all my Wants redreſt,
While in the ſilent Womb I lay
And hung upon the Breaſt.

3 To all my weak Complaints and Cries
Thy Mercy lent an Ear
E'er yet my feeble Thoughts had learn'd
To form themſelves in Prayer.

4 Unnumber'd Comforts on my Soul
Thy tender Care beſtow'd,
Before my infant Heart conceived
From whom thoſe Comforts flow'd.

5 When in the ſlippery Paths of Youth
With heedleſs Steps I ran,
Thine Arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe
And led me up to Man.

6 Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils and Deaths
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleaſing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they

7 Ten Thouſand Thouſand precious Gifts
My daily Thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful Heart
That taſts thoſe Gifts with Joy.

8 Thro' every Period of my Life
Thy Goodneſs I'll purſue,
And after Death in diſtant Worlds
The pleaſing Theme renew.

9 Thro' all Eternity to thee
A grateful Song I'll raiſe;

But o! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy Praise.

XXVIII.

A Morning Hymn.

1 MY God how endless is thy Love!
Thy Gifts are every Evening new;
And Morning Mercies from above
Gently distill like early Dew.

2 Thou spread'st the Curtains of the Night
Great Guardian of my sleeping Hours:
Thy sovereign Word restores the Light
And Quickens all my drooping Powers.

3 I yield my Powers to thy Command,
To thee I consecrate my Days:
Perpetual Blessings from thy Hand
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.

XXIX.

Heaven begun on Earth.

1 COme, ye that love the Lord,
And let your Joys be known,
Join in a Song with sweet accord
While ye surround his Throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God:
But Servants of the heavenly King
May speak their Joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the Earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy Sky

And

And calms the roaring Seas.

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love:
Thou ſhalt ſend down thy heavenly Powers
To carry us above.

5 There we ſhall ſee thy Face
And never, never Sin;
There from the Rivers of thy Grace
Drink endleſs Pleaſures in.

6 Yea, and before we riſe
To that immortal State,
The Thoughts of ſuch amazing Bliſs,
Shou'd conſtant Joys create.

7 The Men of Grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celeſtial Fruits on earthly Ground
From Faith and Hope may grow.

8 Then let our Songs abound
And every Fear be dry:
We're marching thro' *Immanuel*'s Ground
To farer Worlds on high:

XXX.

The Names of Chriſt.

1 JOin all the Names of Love and Power
That ever Men or Angels bore;
All are too mean to ſpeak thy Worth,
Saviour, or ſet thy Glories forth.

2 But o! what condeſcending Ways
Thou take'ſt to teach thy heavenly Grace:
My Eyes with Joy and Wonder ſee
What Forms of Love thou bear'ſt for me.

3 Great

3 Great Prophet, let me bleſs thy Name!
By thee the joyful Tidings came,
Of Wrath appeas'd, of Sins forgiven,
Of Hell ſubdued, and Peace with Heaven.

4 My bright Example and my Guide,
I wou'd be walking near thy Side:
O never let me run aſtray,
Nor follow the forbidden Way.

5 *Jeſus* my great high Prieſt has died,
I ſeek no Sacrifice beſide;
Thy Blood did once for all attone,
And now it pleads before thy Throne.

6 My Lord, my Conqueror and my King,
Thy Scepter and thy Sword I ſing,
Thine is the Victory and I ſit
A joyful Subject at thy Feet.

7 Aſpire, my Soul, to glorious Deeds,
The Captain of Salvation leads:
March on, nor fear to win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell obſtruct the Way

8 Shou'd Death and Hell and Powers unknown
Put on their Forms of Miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe, for Chriſt diſplays
Salvation in more powerful Ways.

XXXI.

Solomon's Song, Ch. 2 Ver. 8. *&c.*

1 THE Voice of my beloved ſounds,
Over the Rocks and riſing Grounds,
O'er Hills of Guilt and Seas of Grief
He leaps, he flies to my Relief,

2 Now thro' the Veil of Fleſh I ſee

With

With Eyes of Love he looks at me,
Now in the Gospel's clearest Glass
He shews the Beauties of his Face.

3 Gently he draws my Heart along
Both with his Beauties and his Tongue;
Rise, saith my Lord, make haste away,
No mortal Joys are worth thy Stay.

4 The Jewish wintry State is gone
The Mists are fled, the Spring comes on,
The sacred Turtle Dove we hear
Proclaim the new, the joyful Year.

5 Th' immortal Vine of heavenly Root
Blossoms and buds and gives her Fruit;
So we are come to taste the Wine;
Our Souls rejoice and bless the Vine.

6 And when I hear my *Jesus* say
Rise up, my Love, make haste away!
My Heart would fain out-fly the Wind,
And leave all earthly Loves behind.

XXXII.

Verse 14, &c.

1 DEar Lord, my thankful Heart revives
The Hope thine Invitation gives:
To thee my joyful Lips shall raise
The Voice of Prayer, the Voice of Praise.

2 I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
Our Hearts, our Hopes, our Passions join:
Not let a Motion or a Word,
Or Thought arise to grieve my Lord.

3 Till the Day breaks and Shadows flee,
Till the sweet drawing Light I see,

Thine

Thine Eyes to me ward ever turn,
Nor let my Soul in Darkneſs mourn.

4 Be like a Hart on Mountains green;
Leap o'er theſe Hills of Fear and Sin:
Nor Guilt nor Unbelief divide
My Love, my Saviour from my Side.

XXXIII.

Sincere Praiſe.

1 ALmighty Maker, God!
How glorious is thy Name!
Thy Wonders how diffus'd abroad,
Thro'out Creations Frame!

2 In Native white and red,
The Roſe and Lilly ſtand:
And free from Pride their Beauties ſpread
To ſhew thy skillful Hand.

3 The Lark mounts up the Sky
With unambitious Song,
And bears her Maker's Praiſe on High
Upon her artleſs Tongue.

4 Fain wou'd I riſe and ſing
To my Creator too;
Fain wou'd my Heart adore my King
And give him Praiſes due.

5 But Pride that buſy Sin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd Pride that creeps ſecurely in
And ſwells a haughty Worm.

6 Thy Glories I abate,
Or praiſe thee with Deſign,

Part

Part of thy Favours I forget,
Or think the Merit mine.

7 Create my Soul a new,
Elſe all my Worſhip's vain.
This wretched Heart will ne'er prove true,
Till it be form'd again.

8 Deſcend, celeſtial Fire
And ſeize me from above!
Wrap me in Flames of pure Deſire
A Sacrifice to love.

9 Let Joy and Worſhip ſpend
The remnant of my Days,
And to my God my Soul aſcend
In ſweet Perfumes of Praiſe!

XXXIV.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bleſs ye the Lord.

1 HAil, glorious Angels, Heirs of Light,
Ye high born Sons of Fire!
Whoſe Hearts burn chaſt, whoſe Flames ſhine bright,
All Joy, yet all Deſire.

2 Hail, holy Saints, who long in Hope
And Expectation ſat,
Till for its King. Heaven did ſet ope
Its everlaſting Gate.

3 Hail, great Apoſtles of the Lamb,
Who brought that early Ray,
Which from our Sun reflected came,
And made a glorious Day.

4 Hail, generous Martyrs, whoſe ſtrong Hearts
Bravely rejoiced to prove,
How weak, pale Death, are all thy Darts
Compair'd to thoſe of Love.

5 Hail, beauteous Virgins, whoſe pure Love
Renounc'd all low Deſires,
Who wiſely fixt your Hearts above,
And burnt with heavenly Fires.

6 Hail, all ye happy Spirits above,
Who make that glorious Ring
About the ſparkling Throne of Love
And there for ever ſing.

7 Great Lord, among their Crowns of Praiſe
Accept this little Wreath,
Which while their lofty Notes they raiſe
We humbly ſing beneath.

XXXV.

The Shortneſs of Life.

1 TIme, what an empty Vapour 'tis!
And Days how ſwift they are!
Swift as an Indian Arrow flies
Or as a ſhooting Star!

2 The preſent Moments juſt appear,
Then glide away in haſte,
That we can never ſay they're here!
But only ſay, they're paſt!

3 Our Life is ever on the Wing
And Death is ever nigh;
The Moment when our Lives begin
We all begin to die.

4 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting Days
Thy lasting Favours share:
Yet with the Bounties of thy Grace
Thou load'st the rolling Year.

5 'Tis sovereign Mercy finds us Food,
And we are cloath'd by Love,
While Grace stands pointing out the Road
That leads our Souls above.

6 Thy Goodness runs an endless Round!
All Glory to the Lord!
Thy Mercy never knows a Bound,
Be thy great Name ador'd!

7 Thus we begin the lasting Song,
And when we close our Eyes,
Let following Times thy Praise prolong,
Till Time and Nature dies.

XXXVI.

Christ our Wisdom, &c.

1 BUried in Shadows of the Night
We lie, till Christ restores the Light
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind
And chase the Darkness of the Mind.

2 Our guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears
Till thy atoning Blood appears:
Then we awake from deep distress
And sing, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 *Jesus* beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains,
He sets the Prisoners free and breaks
The iron Bondage from our Necks.

4 Poor helpleſs Worms in thee poſſeſs
Grace, Wiſdom, Power and Righteouſneſs;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole ſelves, o Lord, to thee.

XXXVII.

Gloria Patri.

1 BLeſt be the Father and his Love,
To whoſe celeſtial Source we owe
Rivers of endleſs Joys above
And Rills of Comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
Forth from thy wounded Body rolls
A precious Stream of vital Blood,
Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

3 We give the ſacred Spirit Praiſe,
Who in our Hearts of Sin and Woe
Make's living Springs of Grace ariſe
And into boundleſs Glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son
And God the Spirit we adore;
That Sea of Life, and Love unknown
Without a Bottom or a Shore.

XXXVIII.

Hymn to Chriſt.

1 O *Jeſu*, why, why doſt thou Love
Such worthleſs Things as we
Why is thy Heart ſtill toward us
Who ſeldom think on thee?

2 Thy Bounty gives us all we have
And we thy Gifts abuſe:
Thy Bounty gives us even thy ſelf,
And we thy ſelf refuſe.

3 And why alas, why do we love
Such wretched Things as theſe?
Theſe that withdraw us from our Lord
And his pure Eyes diſpleaſe?

4 Break off and raiſe thy manly Eye
Up to thoſe Joys above,
Behold all theſe our Lord prepares
To gain and crown thy Love.

5 Alas, o Lord, we cannot love
Unleſs thou draw our Heart!
Thou who vouchſaf'ſt to make us know,
O make us do our part.

6 Still do thou love me, o my Lord,
That I may ſtill love thee:
Still make me love thee, o my God
That thou may'ſt ſtill love me.

XXXIX.

Prayer.

1 HOw ſwiftly wafted in a Sigh,
Thou God that hear'ſt the Prayer,
Do our Requeſts invade the Sky
And pierce thy bending Ear!

2 My Suit is made, my Prayer is o'er,
If I but lift my Eye;
Thou gracious Father, canſt no more
Not hear, than thou canſt die.

3 How ſhall we thy great Arm revere
Which gives this All to be,
Connects the Center with the Sphere
And ſpans Infinity ?

4 Whate'er our ardent Souls require,
Whate'er we wiſh is there ;
Thy Power exceeds our ſcant Deſire
And blames our partial Prayer.

5 O! how unbounded is thy Love
Which when thou coud'ſt not die,
Deſcending from thy Throne above
Put on Mortality !

6 Thou leav'ſt thy Father's bliſsful Face
Our Guilt and Curſe to aſſume,
To burſt the Bars that ſtop'd thy Grace
And make thy Bounty room.

7 Then ſtill let Prayer with me remain,
This my Companion be ;
So ſhall I all my wants obtain,
Obtain all Heaven in thee !

XL.

From the German.

1 O *Jeſu*, Source of calm Repoſe,
Thy like nor Man nor Angel knows,
Faireſt among ten thouſand fair !
Even thoſe whom Death's ſad Fetters bound,
Whom thickeſt Darkneſs compaſt round
Find Light and Life if thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the Light Divine,
E'er rolling Planets knew to ſhine,
E'er Time its ceaſeleſs Courſe began ;

Thou

Thou when the appointed Hour was come
Did'ſt not diſdain the Virgin's Womb,
But God with God wert Man with Man:

3 The World, Sin, Death oppoſe in vain,
Thou by thy dying, Death haſt ſlain,
My great Deliverer and my God!
In vain does the old Dragon rage,
In vain all Hell its Powers engage:
None can withſtand thy conquering Blood.

4 Lord over all, ſent to fulfill
Thy gracious Father's ſovereign Will,
To thy dread Scepter will I bow:
With dureous Reverence at thy Feet,
Like humble *Mary*, lo, I ſit,
Speak, Lord, thy Servant heareth now.

5 Renew thy Image Lord in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No Charms to thee but theſe are dear:
No Anger may'ſt thou ever find;
No Pride in my unruffled Mind
But Faith and Heav'n-born Peace are there.

6 A patient, a victorious Mind
That Life and all Things caſt behind,
Springs forth, obedient to thy call,
A Heart that no deſire can move,
But ſtill t'adore and praiſe and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All.

PSALMS and HYMNS
For Wedneſday or Friday

I.

Pſalm XXXVIII.

1 AMidſt thy Wrath remember Love,
Reſtore thy Servant, Lord!
Nor let a Father's Chaſt'ning prove
Like an Avenger's Sword!

2 My Sins a heavy Burden are,
And o'er my Head are gone:
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too great for me t' atone.

3 My Thoughts are like a troubled Sea,
My Head ſtill bending down:
And I go mourning all the Day,
Father, beneath thy Frown.

4 All my deſire to thee is known,
Thine Eye counts every Tear,
And every Sigh and every Groan
Is notic'd by thine Ear.

5 Thou art my God, my only Hope;
O hearken to my cry;
O bear my fainting Spirits up;
When Satan bids me die.

6 Lord, I confeſs my Guilt to thee,
I grieve for all my Sin;
My helpleſs Impotence I ſee,
And beg Support divine.

7 O God, forgive my Follies paſt;
Be thou for ever nigh!
O Lord of my Salvation haſte,
And ſave me, or I die!

II.

Pſalm LI.

1 O Thou that hear'ſt when Sinners cry,
Tho' all my Crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry Look,
But blot their Memory from thy Book.

2 Create my Nature pure within,
And form my Soul averſe from Sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne er depart,
Nor hide thy Preſence from my Heart.

3 I cannot live without thy Light,
Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy Sight:
Thy ſaving Strength, o Lord reſtore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort ſtill afford:
And let a Wretch come near thy Throne
To plead the Merits of thy Son.

5 My Soul lies humbled in the Duſt,
And owns thy dreadful Sentence juſt:
Look down o Lord with pitying Eye,
And ſave the Soul condemn'd to die.

6 Then will I teach the World thy Ways:
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſovereign Grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's Blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pard'ning God.

7 O may thy Love inſpire my Tongue,
Salvation ſhall be all my Song,
And all my Powers ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord my Strength and Righteouſneſs.

III.

Pſalm XC.

1 THro' every Age, eternal God,
Thou art our Reſt, our ſafe Abode:
High was thy Throne e'er Heaven was made,
Or Earth thy humble Foot-ſtool laid.

2 Long had'ſt thou reign'd e'er time began
Or Duſt was faſhion'd into Man:
And long thy Kingdom ſhall endure,
When Earth and Time ſhall be no more.

3 But Man, weak Man is born to die,
Made up of Guilt and Vanity:
Thy dreadful Sentence, Lord, was juſt:
Duſt as thou art, return to duſt.

4 Death like an over-flowing Stream
Sweeps us away, our Life's a Dream:
An empty Tale, a Morning Flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an Hour.

5 Our Age to ſeventy Years is ſet:
How ſhort the Term, how frail the State!
Or if to Eighty we arrive,
We rather ſigh and groan than live.

6 Teach us, o Lord, how frail is Man;
And kindly lengthen out our Span,
Till from the Chains of Sin ſet free
We find immortal Life in thee!

IV.

The ſame.

1 LOrd if thine Eye ſurvereys our Faults
And Juſtice grow ſevere,
Thy dreadful Wrath exceeds our Thoughts,
And burns beyond our Fears.

2 Thine Anger turns our Frame to Duſt:
By one Offence to thee
Adam with all his Sons have loſt
Their Immortality.

3 Life like a vain Amuſement flies,
A Fable or a Song,
By ſwift Degrees our Nature dies,
Nor can our Joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whoſe Days amount
To three ſcore Years and ten:
And all beyond that ſhort Account,
Is ſorrow, Toil and Pain.

5 Almighty God reveal thy Love,
And not thy Wrath alone!
O let our ſweet Experience prove
The Mercies of thy Throne.

6 Our Souls wou'd learn the heav'nly Art
T' improve the Hours we have:
That we may act the wiſer Part,
And live beyond the Grave.

V.

A Thought in Affliction.

1 WIlt thou, O Lord, regard my Tears
The Fruit of Guilt and Fear?

Me, who thy Juſtice have provok'd,
O will thy Mercy ſpare?

2 Yes: for the broken, contrite Heart
Saviour, thy Sufferings plead:
O quench not then the ſmoaking Flax,
Nor break the bruiſed Reed!

3 Thy poor unworthy Servant view,
Reſign'd to thy Decree;
Ordain me or to live or die,
But live or die in thee.

4 Upon thy gracious Promiſe, Lord,
My humbled Soul is caſt!
O bear me ſafe thro' Life, thro' Death,
And raiſe me up at laſt!

5 Low as this mortal Frame muſt lie
This mortal Frame ſhall ſing,
Where is thy Victory, o Grave,
And where, o Death, thy Sting?

VI.

On the Crucifixion.

1 FRom whence theſe dire Portents around,
That Earth and Heav'n amaze?
Wherefore do Earthquâkes cleave the Ground,
Why hides the Sun his Rays?

2 Not thus did Sinai's trembling Head
With ſacred Horror nod,
Beneath the dark Pavilion ſpread
O legiſlative God.

3 Thou, Earth, thy loweſt Center ſhake
With *Jeſu* ſympathize!

Thou

Thou Sun, as Hell's deep Gloom be black,
'Tis thy Creator dies!

4 See ſtreeming from th' accurſed Tree
His all atoning Blood!
Is this the Infinite? 'Tis he,
My Saviour and my God!

5 For me theſe Pangs his Soul aſſail,
For me the Death is born!
My Sin gave ſharpneſs to the Nail
And pointed every Thorn!

6 Let Sin no more my Soul inſlave!
Break, Lord, the Tyrant's Chain!
O ſave me, whom thou cam'ſt to ſave,
Nor bleed nor die in vain!

VII.

Diſcipline.

1 O Throw away thy Rod!
O throw away thy Wrath!
My gracious Saviour and my God,
O take the gentle Path.

2 Thou ſeeſt my Heart's Deſire
Still unto thee is bent!
Still does my longing ſoul aſpire
To an entire Conſent.

3 Not e'en a Word or Look
Do I approve or own,
But by the Model of thy Book,
Thy ſacred Book alone.

4 Altho' I fail, I weep,
Altho' I halt in Peace

Yet

Yet ſtill with trembling ſteps I creep
Unto the Throne of Grace.

5 O then let Wrath remove;
For Love will do the Deed;
Love will the Conqueſt gain with Love
Even ſtrong Hearts will bleed.

6 For Love is ſwift of Foot,
Love is a Man of War;
Love can reſiſtleſs Arrows ſhoot,
And hit the Mark from far.

7 Who can eſcape his Bow?
That which hath wrought on thee,
Which brought the King of Glory low,
Muſt ſurely work on me.

8 O throw away thy Rod,
What tho' Man Frailties hath?
Thou art our Saviour and our God:
O throw away thy Wrath!

VIII.

On the Crucifixion.

1 BEhold the Saviour of Mankind
Nail'd to the ſhameful Tree!
How vaſt the Love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark how he groans! while Nature ſhakes,
And Earth's ſtrong Pillars bend!
The Temple's Veil in ſunder breaks,
The ſolid Marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious Ranſom's paid;
Receive my ſoul, he cries:

See where he bows his ſacred Head!
He bows his Head and dies.

4 But ſoon he'll break Death's envious Chain
And in full Glory ſhine;
O Lamb of God was ever pain,
Was ever Love like thine!

IX.

A Sinner's Prayer.

1 THou Lord my Power and Wiſdom art
O do not then reject my Heart!
Thy Clay that weeps, thy Duſt I am
That call's.—O put me not to ſhame.

2 Thy Glories, Lord, in all Things ſhine,
Thine is the Deed, the Praiſe is thine.
A feeble helpleſs Creature, I
Do at thy Pleaſure live or die.

3 Lord well I know, I merit Grief,
Yea endleſs Fears without Relief:
Yet o! t' exact thy Due forbear,
And ſpare, a feeble Creature, ſpare.

4 Still if I wail not (ſtill to wail
Nature denies and Fleſh wou'd fail)
Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good
My want of Tears with ſtore of Blood.

X.

Judgment.

1 WHen riſing from the Bed of Death,
O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear
I view my Maker Face to Face,
O how ſhall I appear.

2 If yet, while Pardon may be found
And Mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward Horror shrinks,
And trembles at the Thought;

3 When thou o Lord shalt stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,
And sit in Judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

4 O may my broken, contrite Heart
Timely my Sins lament,
And early with repentant Tears
Eternal Woe prevent!

5 Behold the Sorrows of my Heart;
E'er yet it be too late!
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans
To give those sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair
Her Pardon to secure;
Who knows thy only Son has died;
To make that Pardon sure.

XI.

Christ's Compassion to the Tempted.

1 WIth Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our high Priest above;
His Heart is made of Tenderness,
His Bowels melt with Love.

2 Touch'd with a Sympathy within
He knows our feeble Frame;
He knows what sore Temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He

3 He in the Days of feeble Fleſh
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears
And in his Meaſure feels afreſh
What every Member bears.

4 He'll never quench the ſmoaking Flax
But raiſe it to a Flame,
The bruiſed Reed he never breaks
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt Name

5 Then let our humble Faith addreſs
His Mercy and his Power:
We ſhall obtain delivering Grace
In the diſtreſſing Hour.

XII.

Frailty.

1 LOrd, how in Silence I deſpiſe
The giddy World'ling's Snare,
This Beauty, Riches, Honour, Toys
Beneath a Moments Care?

2 Hence painted Duſt, and gilded Clay!
You have no Charms for me:
Deluſive Breath be far away!
I waſte no Thought on thee.

3 But when abroad at once I view
Both the World's Hoſts and thine,
Theſe ſimple, ſad, afflicted, few,
Thoſe numerous, gay and fine!

4 Loſt my Reſolves, my Scorn is paſt,
I boaſt my Strength no more.
A willing Slave they bind me faſt
With unreſiſted Power.

5 O look not this! Let not thy Foes
Profane thy hallow'd Shrine:
Thine is my Soul, by sacred Vows
Of strictest Union Thine!

6 O hear my just, tho' late Request,
Once more the Captive free,
Renew thy Image in my Breast,
And claim my Heart for thee.

XIII.

Unfruitfulness.

1 LOng have I sat beneath the Sound
Of thy Salvation, Lord,
But still how weak my Faith is found
And Knowledge of thy Word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy Place;
Yet hear almost in vain:
How small a Portion of thy Grace
Can my hard Heart retain!

3 My gracious Saviour and my God
How little art thou known
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Blessings of thy Throne?

4 How cold and feeble is my Love!
How negligent my Fear!
How low my hope of Joys above!
How few Affections there!

5 Great God, thy sovereign Power impart,
To give thy Word Success;
Write thy Salvation in my Heart,
And make me learn thy Grace.

6 Shew my forgetful Feet the way
That leads to Joys on high,
There Knowledge grows without Decay
And Love shall never die.

XIV.

From the German.

1 THou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee my thirsty Soul doth pine!
My longing Heart implores thy Grace
O make in me thy Likeness shine.

2 With fraudless, even, humble Mind
Thy Will in all Things may I see:
In Love be every Wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole Heart to thee.

3 When Pain o'er my weak Flesh prevails
With Lamb-like Patience arm my Breast:
When Grief my wounded Soul assails
In lowly Meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy Side still may I keep,
How e'er Life's various current flow;
With stedfast Eye mark every Step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful Fight hast won
Alone thou hast the Vinepress trod:
In me thy Strengthening Grace be shewn,
O may I conquer thro' thy Blood!

6 So when on *Sion* thou shalt stand,
And all Heaven's Host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy Right Hand,
And free from Pain thy Glories sing.

XV.

Faith in Christ.

1 HOw sad our State by Nature is,
Our Sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive Souls
Fast in his slavish Chains.

2 But there's a Voice of sovereign Grace
Sounds from thy sacred Word,
Here ye despairing Sinners come
And trust upon the Lord.

3 My Soul obeys th'Almighty Call
And runs to this Relief:
I wou'd believe thy Promise, Lord!
O help my unbelief.

4 To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,
Incarnate God, I fly:
Here let me wash my spotted Soul
From Crimes of deepest Die.

5 Stretch out thy Arm, victorious King,
My reigning Sins subdue:
Drive the old Dragon from his Seat
With his infernal Crew.

6 A guilty, weak and helpless Worm
Into thy Arms I fall;
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My *Jesus* and my All.

XVI.

Longing.

1 WIth bended Knees and aking Eyes
Weary and faint to thee my Cries,

To

To thee my Tears, my Groans I ſend ;
O when ſhall my Complainings end ?

2 Wither'd my Heart like barren Ground
Accurſt of God : My Head turns round,
My Throat is hoarſe ; I faint, I fall,
Yet falling ſtill for Pity call.

3 Eternal Streams of Pity flow
From thee their ſource to Earth below :
Mothers are kind, becauſe thou art,
Thy Tenderneſs o'erflows their Heart.

4 Lord of my Soul, bow down thine Ear !
Hear, Bowels of Compaſſion, hear !
O give not to the Winds my Prayer !
Thy Name, thy hallow'd Name is there.

5 Look on my Sorrows ! Mark them well :
The Shame, the Pangs, the Flames, I feel !
Conſider, Lord, thine Ear incline :
Thy Son hath made my Sufferings thine.

6 Thou, *Jeſu*, on th'accurſed Tree
Didſt bow thy dying Head for me :
Incline it now ! Who made the Ear
Can he, can he forget to hear ?

7 See thy poor Duſt in pity ſee
It ſtirs, it creeps, it aims at thee !
Haſte, ſave it from the greedy Tomb !
Come, every Atom bids thee come !

8 'Tis thine to help ! forget me not !
O be thy Mercy ne'er forgot !
Lock'd is thy Ear ? Yet ſtill my Plea
May ſpeed, for Mercy keeps the Key.

9 Thou tarrieſt while I ſink, I die,
And fall to nothing ! Thou on high

See'ſt

See'ſt me undone! yet am I ſtil'd
By thee (loſt as I am) thy Child!

10 Yet thou art good; and yet abide
Thy Promiſes; they ſpeak, they chide,
They in my Boſom pour my Tears,
And my Complaint preſent as theirs.

11 Hear, *Jeſu*! Hear my broken Heart!
Broken ſo long, that every part
Hath got a Tongue which ne'er ſhall ceaſe,
Till thou pronounce, depart in Peace,

12 My Lord, my Saviour, hear my Cry,
By theſe thy Feet at which I lie;
Pluck out thy Dart: Regard my Sighs:
Now heal my Heart, or now it dies.

XVII.

Salvation by Grace.

1 LOrd, we confeſs our numerous Faults,
How great our Guilt has been!
Fooliſh and vain were all our Thoughts,
And all our Lives were Sin.

2 But, O my Soul, for ever praiſe
For ever love his Name,
Who turns thy Feet from dangerous Ways
Of Folly, Sin and Shame.

3 'Tis not by Works of Righteouſneſs,
Which our own Hands have done;
But we are ſaved by ſovereign Grace.
Abounding thro' thy Son.

4 'Tis from the Mercy of our God
That all our Hopes begin;

'Tis

'Tis by the Water and the Blood
Our Souls are wash'd from Sin:

5 'Tis thro' the Purchase of his Death
Who hung upon the Tree
Thy Spirit is sent down to breath
On such dry Bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the Dead we live anew
And justified by Grace,
We shall appear in Glory too
And see our Father's Face.

XVIII.

Inconstancy.

1 LOrd *Jesu*, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee!
When will this War of Passions cease,
And my free Soul enjoy thy Peace?

2 Here I repent and sin again:
Now I revive and now am Slain:
Slain with the same unhappy Dart,
Which, o! too often wounds my Heart.

3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be
A Garden seal'd to all but thee?
No more expos'd, no more undone:
But live und grow to thee alone!

4 Guide thou, my Lord, guide thou my Course
And draw me on with thy sweet Force?
Still make me walk, still make me tend
By thee my Way, to thee my End;

XIX.

Christ our Righteousness.

1 HOw heavy is the Night
That hangs upon our Eyes!
Till Christ with his reviving Light
Upon our Souls arise!

2 Our guilty Spirits dread
To meet the Wrath of Heaven:
But in thy Righteousness array'd
We see our Sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our Thoughts and Ways:
Thy hand infected Nature cure
With sanctifying Grace.

4 The Powers of Hell agree
To hold our Souls in vain:
Thou set'st the Sons of Bondage free,
And break'st the cursed Chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy Ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign Power, thy healing Grace
And thine atoning Blood.

XX.

From the German.

1 MY Soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee, her Source my Spirit flies;
My Wants I mourn, my Chains I see
O let thy Presence set me free!

2 Lost and undone for aid I cry;
In thy Death, Saviour, let me lie!

Griev'd

Griev'd with thy Grief, pain'd with thy Pain,
Ne'er may I feel Self-Love again.

3 *Jesu*, vouchsafe my Heart and Will
With thy meek Lowliness to fill;
No more her Power let Nature boast,
But in thy Will may mine be lost!

4 I feel well that I love thee, Lord:
I exercise me in thy Word:
Yet vile Affections claim a part,
And thou hast only half my Heart.

5 In Life's short Day let me yet more
Of thy enlivening Power implore:
My Mind must deeper sink in thee;
My Foot stand firm, from wand'ring free.

6 Ye Sons of Men, here nought avails
Your Strength, here all your Wisdom fails;
Who bids a sinful Heart be clean?
Thou only, Lord, supreme of Men.

7 And well I know thy tender Love:
Thou never didst unfaithful prove:
And well I know thou stand'st by me,
Pleas'd from my self to set me free.

8 Still I do watch and labour still
To banish every Thought of ill,
Till thou in thy good Time appear
And sav'st me from the Fowler's Snare.

9 Already springing Hope I feel;
God will destroy the Power of Hell:
God from the Land of Wars and Pain
Leads me, where Peace and Safety reign.

10 One only care my Soul shall know,
Father, all thy Commands to do:

Ah deep engrave it on my Breaſt,
That I in thee ev'n now am bleſt;

11 When my warm'd Thoughts I fix on thee
And plunge me in thy Mercie's Sea,
Then ev'n on me thy Face ſhall ſhine
And quicken this dead Heart of Mine.

12 So ev'n in Storms my Zeal ſhall grow,
So ſhall I thy hid Sweetneſs know,
And feel (what endleſs Age ſhall prove)
That thou, my Lord, my God art Love!

PSALMS *and* HYMNS
For Saturday.
I.
Pſalm XIX.

1 BEhold the lofty Sky
Declares its Maker God,
And all his ſtarry Works on high
Proclaim his Power abroad.

2 The Darkneſs and the Light
Still keep their Courſe the ſame,
While Night to Day and Day to Night
Divinely teach his Name.

3 In every different Land
Their general Voice is known:
They ſhew the Wonders of his Hand,
And Orders of his Throne.

4 Ye happy Lands rejoice
Where he reveals his Word:

We

We are not left to Nature's Voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His Statutes and Commands
Are ſet before our Eyes;
He puts his Goſpel in our Hands
Where our Salvation lies:

6 His Laws are juſt and pure
His Truth without Deceit,
His Promiſes for ever ſure,
And his Rewards are great.

7 While of thy Works I ſing
Thy Glory to proclaim,
Accept the Praiſe, my God and King
In my Redeemer's Name.

II.

The ſame.

1 THe ſpacious Firmament on high,
And all the wide, etherial Sky,
And ſpangled Heav'ns, a ſhining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied Sun from Day to Day
Does his Creator's Power diſplay
And publiſhes to every Land
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the Evening Shades prevail
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,
And nightly to the liſtning Earth
Repeats the Story of her Birth:
While all the Stars that round her burn
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

3 What tho' in ſolemn Silence all
Move round this dark terreſtrial Ball:
What tho' nor real Voice nor Sound,
Amid their radiant Orbs be found?
In Reaſons Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
The Hand that made us is divine!

III.

The ſame.

1 GReat God, the Heav'ns well order'd Frame
Declares the Glory of thy Name,
There thy rich Works of Wonder ſhine:
A Thouſand ſtarry Beauties there,
A Thouſand radiant Marks appear
Of boundleſs Power and Skill divine.

2 From Night to Day from Day to Night
The dawning and the falling Light
Lectures of heavenly Wiſdom read:
With ſilent Eloquence they raiſe
Our Thoughts to our Creator's Praiſe,
And neither Sound nor Language need.

3 Yet their divine Inſtructions run
Far as the Journeys of the Sun,
And every Nation knows their Voice:
The Sun like a young Bridegroom dreſt
Breaks from the Chamber of the Eaſt
Rolls round and makes the Earth rejoice.

4 Wheree'er he ſpreads his Beams abroad
He ſmiles and ſpeaks his Maker God:
All Nature joins to ſhew thy Praiſe:

Thus

Thus God in every Creature ſhines;
Fair are the Book of Nature's Lines;
But fairer is thy Book of Grace.

5 I love the Volumes of thy Word:
What Joy and Light thoſe Leaves afford
To Souls benighted and diſtreſt;
Thy Precepts guide my doubtful Way,
Thy Fear forbids my Feet to ſtray;
Thy Promiſe leads my Heart to reſt.

6 Who knows the Errors of his Thoughts?
O cleanſe me from my ſecret Faults,
And from preſumptuous Sins reſtrain:
Accept my poor Attempts of Praiſe,
If I have read thy Book of Grace
And Book of Nature not in vain.

IV.

Pſalm LXV.

1 ON thee the Race of Man depends,
Far as the Earth's remoteſt Ends;
Where the Creator's Name is known
By Nature's feeble Light alone.

2 At thy Command the Morning Ray
Smiles in the Eaſt and leads the Day;
Thou guid'ſt the Sun's declining Wheels
Over the Tops of Weſtern Hills.

3 Seaſons and Times obey thy Voice;
The Evening and the Morn rejoice
To ſee the Earth made ſoft with Showers,
Laden with Fruit and dreſt in Flowers.

4 'Tis from the watry Stores on high
Thou giv'ſt the thirſty Ground ſupply;

Thou

Thou walk'ſt upon the Clouds, and thence
Doſt thy enriching Drops diſpence.

5 The Deſart grows a fertile Field;
Abundant Fruit the Valleys yield
The Vallies ſhout with chearful Voice,
And neighbouring Hills repeat their Joys.

6 The Paſtures ſmile in green array,
Where Lambs and larger Cattle play:
The larger Cattle and the Lamb,
Each in his Language ſpeaks thy Name.

7 Thy Works pronounce thy Power divine;
O'er every Field thy Glories ſhine:
Thro' every Month thy Gifts appear,
Great God, thy Goodneſs crowns the Year.

V.

Pſalm CIV.

Part I.

1 THee, Lord, my Soul aſpires to ſing,
Almighty, everlaſting King,
Creator! wondrous to ſurvey
Thy Works excite the grateful Lay.
From thy bright Throne beyond yon Height
Spread Plains of Empyrean Light,
The Spheres aſſume the ſecond place,
Swift moving thro' th'Eternal Space.

2 Beneath more cloſe compacted lie
The Regions of th'inferior Sky.
Here float the Clouds, the Thunders roll,
And Tempeſts whirl from Pole to Pole.
Here thy obedient Spirits find
The Stores of Vengeance for Mankind:
And pleas'd thy Orders to perform
Lance the hot Bolt, or drive the Storm.

3 Till

3 Till thou reſtrain'd it like a Robe
The deep involv'd the ſhapeleſs Globe;
And now tho' the proud Surges riſe,
Range the wide waſt, and threat the Skies,
Fix'd is their Bound, their Tumults end;
Yet where thou bidſt the Main extend,
Awed by thy Voice aloof they roar,
Or gently leave th'uninjured ſhore.

4 Mean while the piercing Liquid ſtrains
Thro' the tall Mountains ſecret Veins;
Thence down the ſilver Currents flow
And wander thro' the Vales below.
And while their Streams freſh Moiſture yield
To the dry Cattle of the Field,
Lo, Trees project their Branches fair
And lodge the Songſters of the Air.

Part II.

1 Thou ſend'ſt, tny Creatures to ſuſtain,
The former and the latter Rain:
See ſtreight Herbs, Flowers and Fruits appear,
And various Plenty crowns the Year.
Graſs for the Beaſt, the Olive grows
For Man, and the rich Vintage flows
His Life and Vigour to ſuſtain
Waves o'er the Field the ripening Grain.

2 Lord, how doſt thou all-bounteous ſend,
Unnumber'd Bleſſings without End!
"Thro' all the Earth thy Glories ſhine,
Thy Works pronounce thy Power divine"
To their full growth by juſt Degrees
Majeſtick riſe the foreſt Trees
Up to the Clouds their Arms they throw.
Their Roots the Center ſeek below.

5 The Nations of the feather'd kind
Here hoſpitable Shelter find
The Stork in the tall Fir Trees height
Here leaves her Brood, and wings her Flight:
And where their ſhadowy Gloom they throw
Wide waving o'er the Mountains Brow
Earth's feebler Tribes rejoice to ſhare
Thy tender Love and guardian Care.

Part III.

1 The Moon to run her deſtin'd Space
Fills her pale Orb with borrow'd Rays;
The appointed Sun with juſt Carreer
Metes out the Day, the Month, the Year.
His Lamp withdrawn then ravening ſtray
Wild Beaſts, outragious for their Prey;
The Lion roars his wants aloud
And roaring, ſeeks his Meat from God.

2 When the Eaſt glows with opening Day
Back to their Dens they haſte away:
Nor ſooner are the Shades of Night
Fled from the Suns returning Light,
Then the ſtrong Husbandman renews
His Toil, his daily Task purſues,
Till Evening calls again to reſt,
Both toiling Man and weary Beaſt.

3 How various is thy Praiſe diſplay'd
O Lord, in all thy Hands have made!
Loſt in amazement down we fall;
In Wiſdom thou haſt made them all!
How on the Earth thy Riches ſhower
Inceſſant, unexhauſted Store;
New every Morn thy Gifts appear.
Great God, thy Goodneſs fills the Year!

4 And

4 And yet, in other Scenes disclose!
The Sea no less thy Goodness shews,
Here the finn'd Race unnumber'd stray,
Dive deep, or on the Surface play.
Here huge Leviathan may reign
Sole Tyrant of the watry Plain.
He moves; the boiling Deeps divide:
He breathes a Storm and spouts a Tide.

Part IV.

1 These all own thy paternal Care,
In thee they live and move and are!
The copius Good thy Hand bestows
Enjoy, and praise thee as it flows.
But thy blest Influence once withdrawn,
No more Joy, Light or Comfort dawn:
Dire Pain succeeds and sad Decay,
And Death demands his destin'd Prey.

2 Yet unimpair'd the Species all
Stand, while the Individuals fall;
Thy timely Care each Chasm supplies,
One rising as another dies.
Hence thro' the whole Creation known
Still shall thy Guardian Power be shown
Till at thy Word devouring Flame
Consume the universal Frame.

3 Ev'n in that lov'd that dreadful Day
When Earth and Heav'n shall melt away,
Thou still, my Soul, shalt sound abroad
Praise to thy Father, and thy God.
Praise thou the Lord: He is thy Friend,
The Cause of all Things and their End!
O'er Earth, Seas, Heav'n, let Time prevail
The Rock thou build'st on, cannot fail.

VI.
Pſalm CXIV.

1 WHen *Iſrael*, freed from *Pharoah*'s Hand,
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with chearful Homage own
Their King, and *Judah* was his Throne.

2 Acroſs the Deep their Journey lay;
The Deep divides to make them way:
Jordan beheld their March and fled
With backward Current to his Head.

3 The Mountains ſhook like frighted Sheep.
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap:
Not Sinai on the Baſe cou'd ſtand,
Conſcious of Sovereign Pow'r at Hand.

4 What Pow'r cou'd make the Deep divide?
Make *Jordan* backward roll his Tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that *Sinai* feels?

5 Let every Mountain, every Flood
Retire, and know th'approaching God,
The King of *Iſrael*: See him here,
Tremble thou Earth; adore and fear!

6 He thunders, and all Nature mourns;
The Rock to ſtanding Pools he turns;
Flints ſpring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confeſs the Lord.

VII.
Pſalm CXLVIII.
Part I.

1 LEt every Creature join
To praiſe th'Eternal God,

Ye

Ye heavenly Hosts the Song begin
And sound his Name abroad.

2 Thou Sun with golden Beams
And Moon with paler Rays,
Ye starry Lights, ye sparkling Flames
Shine to your Maker's Praise.

3 He built those Worlds above
And fixt their wondrous Frame,
By his Command they stand or move
And ever speak his Name.

4 Ye Vapours, when ye rise
Or fall in Showers, or Snow,
Ye Thunders murm'ring round the Skies
His Power and Glory shew.

5 Wind, Hail and flashing Fire
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in vengeful Storms conspire
To execute his Word.

6 By all his Works above
His Honours be expresst:
But those who taste his saving Love
Shou'd sing his Praises best.

Part II.

1 Let Earth and Ocean know
They owe their Maker Praise:
Praise him, ye watry Worlds below
And Monsters of the Seas.

2 From Mountains near the Sky
Let his loud Praise resound;
From humble Shrubs and Cedars high
And Vales and Fields around.

3 Ye Lions of the Wood
And tamer Beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily Food,
And he expects your Praise.

4 Ye Birds of lofty Wing,
On high his Praises bear:
Or sit on flowry Bows and sing
Your Maker's Glory there.

5 Ye creeping Ants and Worms
His various Wisdom shew;
And Flies in all your shining Forms
Praise him that dress you so.

6 By all the Earth born Race
His Honours be express:
But those that know his heavenly Grace.
Shou'd learn to praise him best.

Part III.

1 Monarchs of wide Command,
Praise ye th'Eternal King:
Judges, adore that sovereign Hand
Whence all your Honours spring.

2 Let vigorous Youth engage
To sound his Praises high,
While growing Babes and withering Age
Their feebler Voices try.

3 United Zeal be shown
His wondrous Fame to raise:
God is the Lord; his Name alone
Deserves our endless Praise.

4 Let Nature join with Art
And all pronounce him blest:

But

But Saints who dwell so near his Heart
Shou'd sing his Praises best.

VIII.

Universal Praise.

1 HArk, my dull Soul, how every Thing
Strives to adore our bounteous King!
Hark, each a double Tribute pays:
First sings its part and then obeys.

2 Here Nature's sprightliest, sweetest Quire
Their Lord with chearful Notes admire
And every Day they chant their Lauds,
Th' ecchoing Grove their Song applauds.

3 What tho' their Voices lower be,
The Streams too have their Melody,
Both Night and Day they warbling run,
They never pause but still sing on.

4 All the gay Flow'rs that paint the Spring
Hither their silent Musick bring;
If Heaven bless them thankful they
Do smell more sweet, and look more gay.

5 Awake from Shame my sluggish Heart,
Awake and gladly sing thy part,
Learn ev'n of Birds and Springs and Flowers
How to employ thy nobler Powers.

6 O call whole Nature to thy aid
Since it was he whole Nature made:
Join we in one Eternal Song,
We who to one God all belong.

7 Live thou for ever, glorious Lord,
Live thou by all thy Works ador'd,

Great

Great-One in Three and Three in One
May all Things bow to thee alone.

IX.

Sun, Moon and Stars, praiſe ye the Lord.

1 REgent of all the Worlds above,
Thou, Sun, whoſe Rays adorn our Sphere
And with unwearied Swiftneſs move
To form the Circle of the Year:

2 Praiſe the Creator of the Skies
Who decks thy Orb with borrow'd Rays;
Or may the Sun forget to riſe
When he forgets his Maker's Praiſe.

3 Thou reigning Beauty of the Night,
Fair Queen of Silence, Silver Moon,
Whoſe paler Fires and Female Light
Are ſofter Rivals of the Noon:

4 Ariſe, and to that ſovereign Power
Waxing and waining Honours pay,
Who bad thee rule the duſky Hours
And half ſupply the abſent Day.

5 Ye glittering Stars that gild the Skies
When Darkneſs has her Curtain drawn,
That keep the Watch with wakeful Eyes,
When Buſineſs, Cares and Day are gone:

6 Proclaim the Glories of your Lord,
Diſpers'd thro' all the heav'nly Street,
Whoſe boundleſs Treaſures can afford
So rich a Pavement for his Feet.

7 Thou

7 Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns ſupremely bright,
Fair Palace of the Court divine,
Where with inimitable Light
The Godhead condeſcends to ſhine:

8 Praiſe thou thy great Inhabitant,
Who ſcatters lovely Beams of Grace
On every Angel, every Saint,
Nor veils the Luſtre of his Face.

9 O God of Glory, God of Love,
Thou art the Sun that mak'ſt our Days:
Mid'ſt all thy wondrous Works above
Let Earth and Duſt attempt thy Praiſe!

X.

Eupolis's Hymn to the Creator.

Part I.

1 AUthor of Being, Source of Light,
With never fading Beauties bright.
Thou, Fullneſs, Goodneſs, rolling round
Thy own fair Orb without a Bound.
Ei, or Jao, thee we hail,
Great Eſſence that canſt never fail!
By Grecian or Barbarick Name,
Thy ſteadfaſt Being ſtill the ſame!

2 Thee may thy humble Suppliants call
Or Truth, or Good, or One, or All!
Thee, when fair Morning greets the Skies
With roſy Cheeks and humid Eyes,
Thee, ween the ſweet declining Day
Now ſinks in purple Waves away,
Thee will I ſing, O Parent Jove,
And teach the World to praiſe and love.

3 Lo!

3 Lo! yonder azure Vault on high,
Lo! yonder blue, low, liquid Sky,
Lo! Earth on its firm Baſis plac'd,
And round with circling Waves embrac'd;
All theſe creating Power confeſs,
All theſe their mighty Maker bleſs;
And ſtill thy powerful Hands ſuſtain
Both Earth and Heav'n, both Firm and Main.

Part II.

1 Scarce can our daring Thought ariſe
To thy Pavilion in the Skies;
Nor can a mortal Tongue declare
The Bliſs, the Joy, the Rapture there.
Nor ſolitary doſt thou reign,
But circled with a glorious Train,
The Sons of God, the Sons of Light,
For ever joying in thy Sight!

2 For thee their ſilver Harps are ſtrung.
While ever beauteous, ever young,
Th' Angelick Forms their Voices raiſe,
And thro' Heav'ns Arch reſound they Praiſe.
The feather'd Souls that ſwim the Air,
And bath in liquid Ether there;
The Lark, Precentor of their Quire,
Leading them higher ſtill and higher,

3 Liſten and learn th' angelick Notes
Repeating in their warbling Throats:
And e'er to ſoft Repoſe they go
They teach them to their Lords below.
On the green Turf, their moſſy Neſt,
The Ev'ning Anthem ſwells their Breaſt.
Thus, like thy golden Chain from high,
Thy Praiſe unites the Earth and Sky!

Part

Part III.

1 Thou, Sole from Sole, command'ſt the Sun
Round on the burning Axles run;
The Stars like Duſt around him fly
And ſtrew the Area of the Sky.
He drives ſo ſwift his Race above
That Mortals can't perceive him move:
So ſmooth his Courſe, oblique or ſtreight,
Olympus ſhakes not with his Weight.

2 As the fair Queen of ſolemn Night
Fills at his Vaſe her Orb of Light,
Imparted Luſtre; thus we ſee
The ſolar Virtue ſhines by thee.
Eireſione we'll no more
Imaginary Power adore,
Since Oil and Wool and chearing Wine
And Life-ſuſtaining Bread are thine.

3 The fragrant Thyme, the bloomy Roſe,
Flower and Herb and Shrub that grows
Or on Theſſalian Tempe's Plain,
Or where the rich Sabeans reign:
That treat the Taſt, or Smell, or Sight,
For Food, for Medecine, or Delight,
All planted by thy parent Care
Do ſpring and ſmile and flouriſh there.

Part IV.

1 O ye ſweet Nurſes of ſoft Dreams,
Ye reedy Brooks and winding Streams,
Or murm'ring o'er the Pebbles * ſheen,
Or ſliding thro' the Meadows green;
Or where thro' matted Sedge you creep
Slow trav'ling to your parent Deep,

* i. e *ſhining* or *ſmooth*.

Resound his Praise by whom you rose
That Sea, which never Ebbs or flows.

2 Ye Trees, whose Roots descend as low
As high in Air your Branches grow,
That pour a venerable Shade
For Thought and friendly Converse made:
Your leavy Arms to Heaven extend,
And bend your Heads, in Homage bend:
Cedars and Pines that wave above,
Waving adore your parent Jove.

3 No Evil can from thee proceed,
'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed;
As Darkness is not from the Sun,
Nor mount the Shades till he is gone.
Even then the Pious on his guard
Stands undismay'd, for all prepar'd:
Whate'er befal, his Mind 's at rest;
Since what thou send'st, must needs be best.

4 O Father King, whose heavenly Face
Shines still serene on all thy Race,
Can we forget thy guardian Care,
How slow to punish, glad to spare!
We thy Magnificence adore;
We thy unceasing Aid implore:
Nor vainly for thy Help we call,
Nor can we want; for thou art ALL.

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